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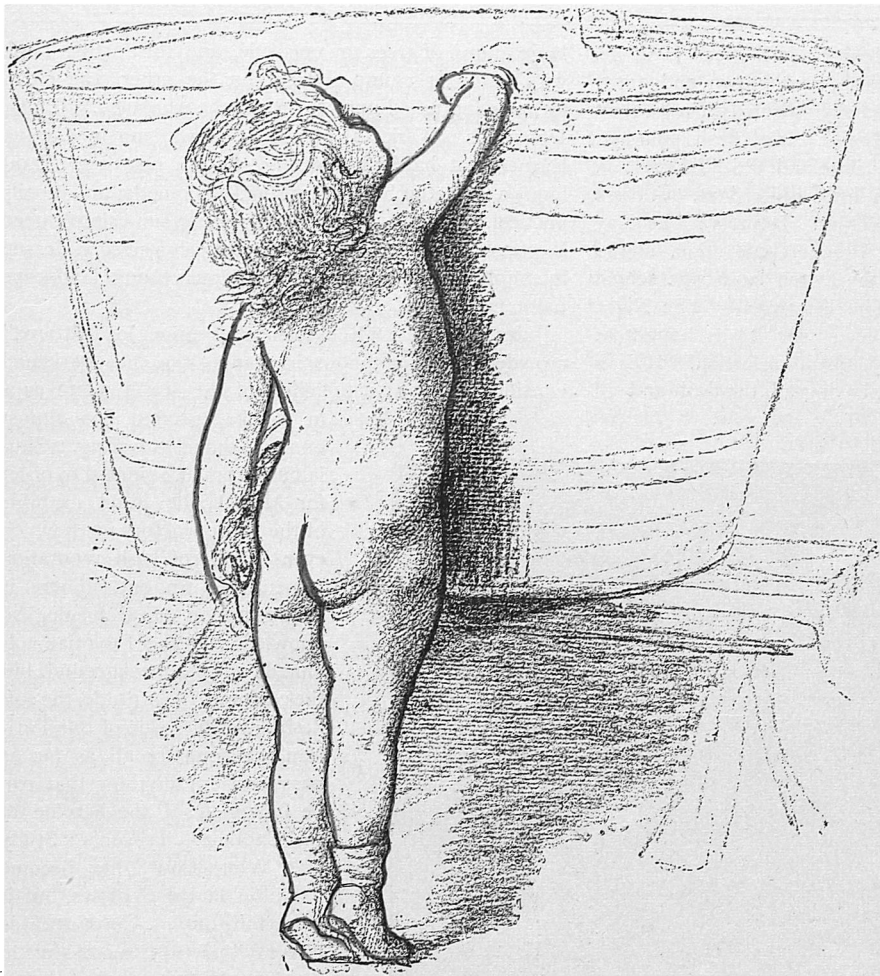
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A PAINTER OF CHILDREN.

PROBABLY the most charming painter of children that France, if not the world, has produced, is the author of the four engaging sketches which we present as a Christmas-box to our readers, with the compliments of



STUDY OF A CHILD. BY TIMOLÉON LOBRICHON.

the season. Timoléon Lobrichon is, indeed, the children's artist, par excellence. His talents and his acquirements distinguish him as fully from the crowd of artists who make this genre their specialty as do his naïveté, grace and abandon from the great men who occasionally condescended to the like subjects. Reynolds's children are masterly bits of painting; Knaus's are roguish, and often convey a satirical lesson to their elders; the cupids and cherubs of Italian and French eighteenth-century work are, need it be said, not children at all. True, in that same eighteenth century there lived a painter, L'Enfant de Metz, who may be said to be the precursor of Lobrichon; but, though graceful, naïve and fascinating, he certainly was not equal to the subject of our notice in the technical parts of his art. Something of his more spiritual qualities, however, Lobrichon may owe to him, as he assuredly owes to Fragonard, and others of the time, his present palette, at once solid and delicate, brilliant no less than permanent. Lobrichon did not always paint children, nor did he begin with a palette firm and fresh as a bunch of newly-picked flowers. Born of poor parents at Cornod, in the Jura Mountains, he came at an early age to Paris with his brothers, who supported him while he learned his art. He was for a time a pupil of Picot, from whose atelier Bouguereau, Cabanel, Pils, and others, graduated while he was still a student. His first efforts at picture-making were influenced by his studies, then newly taken up, in history, literature and science. The study of geology renewed his interest in the rocks of the Jura, of which he had made many studies, and his readings in the Bible directed him to subjects which he framed in these rocky landscapes. Thus, one of his earliest pictures showed the daughter of Jephthah, with her companions, in one of these Jura landscapes. The vision of Ezekiel—of The Valley of Dry Bones—was another of these early subjects, as remote as possible, it will be seen, from those that engaged his talent later. Some of these lugubrious pictures, painted almost in grisaille, were admitted to the Salon, then biennial, and he gained two or three honorable mentions by them; but it was not until 1864, that his "Reading Lesson," with difficulty accepted, brought him a real success. He tells, in a letter to a

friend, of his surprise and joy at the shower of orders which this, his new departure, brought upon him. Three dealers in one day, Durand Ruel and Goupil being two of them, visited his garret with commissions; and, after they had gone, he and a jovial friend who was present danced about the studio until their legs gave away. Since then he has steadily painted babies and their manners, and gained fame and fortune in so doing. He is very clever in composition, and it costs him no particular trouble to preserve in his finished work the charming spirit of the little sketches from life which illustrate this article.

Lobrichon's principal pictures of the baby genre are: "La leçon de lecture," 1864; "Un coin du Jardin du Luxembourg," 1865; "L'Embuscade," 1867; "Vol avec escalade," 1869; "Une tempête dans une cuvette," 1870; "Châteaux sur le sable," 1872; "La Hotte de Croquemitaine," 1874, and "Devant Guignol," 1880. "La Hotte de Croquemitaine" is well known in this country, where it is owned, through the thousands of engravings of it scattered throughout the land. "Baggage of Croquemitaine" is the English title of this popular picture of pretty babies crowded into a wicker basket and labelled for transportation. This and the companion picture, "Le Petit Noël," were originally sold for 15,000 francs.

THE sensation of beauty is not sensual on the one hand, nor is it intellectual on the other, but is dependent on a pure, right, and open state of the heart, both for its truth and its intensity; for we do indeed see constantly that men, having naturally acute perceptions of the beautiful, yet not receiving it with a pure heart, nor into their hearts at all, make it a mere minister to their desires until all their emotions take the same earthly stamp, and the sense of beauty sinks into the servant of lust.—RUSKIN.

WHILE the young artist goes on complacently painting pictures, and feeling confident that he is soaring straight toward the dizzy heights of fame, there is little hope for him; but when he falters, hardly daring to ask if he be one of the few blessed with that finer vision to whom alone the conception of true art is possible, then, and not until then, will the presiding Muse regard him with favor.

SHADES of Rousseau and Diaz! Watelin, the landscape painter, finds it necessary to write to the Paris journal, *Le Temps*, to denounce a proposed mutilation of the forest of Fontainebleau by running macadamized roads through it.

STILL-LIFE PAINTING IN OILS.

I.—DEAD GAME.

BESIDES fruit—to which in my previous articles in *The Art Amateur* I have confined my remarks—there is a wealth of beautiful objects continually presenting their claims to observation, and challenging the admiration of the still-life painter. None of these, perhaps, if properly treated, afford material for more interesting pictures than dead game, concerning the painting of which let me now give a few practical hints.



TIMOLÉON LOBRICHON. DRAWN BY HIMSELF.

For a small canvas, representing one species of game only, the simplest, easiest, and most attractive method of composition is to be had by hanging up the models by the feet against an old wall of gray-white plaster, the rougher the better, as the difference in quality and the contrast in technique make an admirable foil to the smooth, fluffy touch necessary in the representation of feathers or fur. And then the cast shadow is of infinite value, by its relief giving the object a semblance of reality that, even to the artistically educated eye, is sometimes deceptive. If it be desirable to represent the subject lying on a table, regularity, by all means,



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